

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

Prominent Women Who Are Arranging the Russian Ball for the Benefit of the American Refuge of Petrograd



MISS LASCELLES MESERVE.



MRS. JAMES McDONALD.



MRS. H. FESSENDEN MESERVE.

DEAR SUSAN:
"Well, are you out yet?"
"Yes, thanks be, I got out last week, and go back to the old job tomorrow. How about you?"
"Me? There's no chance of my getting out yet. In fact, I'm beginning to believe that I'm in for life."
That's a fair sample of the "line of conversation"—rather suggestive of "doing time," eh, what?—one hears nowadays whenever a group of men in uniform—officers, enlisted men or both—comes together. Indeed, it has become so much a matter of course to inquire into the future plans of a man in uniform that the familiar question, "Well, general, when do you expect to get out?" was on the tip of my tongue as I stood chatting with General Barnett at the dance he and Mrs. Burnett gave for Lelia Gordon on Monday evening.

The "well, general," saved me from this faux pas. Generals don't get out, at least not many of them, and certainly not the major general, commandant of the marine corps—but, after all, I believe General Barnett would have appreciated the joke.

Getting Used to the Men Out of Uniform.

It took nearly a year to get accustomed to seeing one's friends in uniform, to learn to know them, in fact; and now one must go to work all over again to learn to know them out of uniform. The pleasant feature of all this is that it is part and parcel of

the demobilization which is bringing the young men back to Washington, some from overseas service, others from various parts of this country where they have been on duty if not as inspiring at least as necessary as service at the front.

At the Barnetts' party the stage line, which stretched the length of the great ball room—I never saw so many men—was full of Washington men whose familiar faces had been missing since the war turned our lives upside down. There was Lieut. Francis W. Hill, for instance, "just back from duty in California. He's 'out,' but was still in uniform, his trunk having gone astray, as trunks have a way of doing.

There was Lieut. Carlisle Whiting, also "out" and also still in uniform. There was Ensign John Remy, of the navy air service, with his bewitching little wife (Margaret Howard). He hopes to get out as soon as practicable. There was Lieut. David E. Finley—I don't know what his plans are, but he has been away from Washington most of the time since the war began. There was James Ellerson, Jr., who has been making munitions for the Dupont people and kicking because the powers that be wouldn't listen to suggestion that he leave his very responsible job and get into the service. And there was Major William E. Fowler, who expects to see several months' more service before he is released, having been put on an important board which has to do with

adjudicating disputes in regard to certain contracts.

Few Men Desire To Take Up Soldiering.

And, of course, there were dozens more, either just out, just getting out, or trying very hard to get out. It really has been a complete surprise to me to note how few of the men who have gone into the service have any desire to take up soldiering—or soldiering as a profession. It is quite understandable that the men who have gotten well started in their professions should want to get back into harness as soon as possible, but I did think that a great many of the youngsters just out of college, who face the prospect of starting at the beginning, whatever they elect to do, would be anxious to stay in the army or navy.

Most of them, however, seem to entertain the same sentiments as a young naval officer—reserve, of course—of my acquaintance, who announces that as soon as he is released he intends to start walking inland with an oar over his shoulder. Then, as soon as he reaches a spot where he is asked "What's that you're carrying?" he will settle down.

This "Regular" Will Stay in the Army. One of the shining exceptions which proves the rule is Capt. Larkin

Glazebrook, also "among those present" at the Barnett party. He's very much "in," with every intention of staying in. You may remember that he won one of the few coveted second lieutenants' commissions in the regular army, which were given out at the first officers' training camp at Fort Myer. He took to the army like a duck to water, "made good" emphatically and is now back on leave, with the brevet rank of captain, after having been gassed and wounded and having had all sorts of spectacular adventures. Captain Glazebrook's role at parties is still a purely decorative one, as he has a bad knee, which will keep him from dancing for some time, and which is detaining him at the Walter Reed Hospital for treatment. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Larkin W. Glazebrook, of Washington.

Young Folks' Dance a Picturesque Affair.

The Barnetts' party, which began with a big reception in the afternoon and wound up in the wee small hours of the morning, after a young people's dance, in the evening, was quite the most picturesque and interesting event of a busy week; and seldom has a debutant been more successfully launched upon the social scene. In the afternoon there was quite an official tone to the assemblage, with the diplomats quite numerous present to give cachet, as well as the cream of resident society. The dance in the evening was strictly a young people's party.

The young married set was modestly represented—the Walter Penfields were there, for instance, and Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Stokes, Jr., the John Remy, Lieut. Charles Felloes-Gordon, R. N., and his bride (Sara Price Collier), and a few others—and the members of Mrs. Barnett's house party were present, with a few such "grown-ups" as the secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Buchanan Merriman, cousin of the hostess; Mrs. Barnett's two sisters, Mrs. Phillips Hill and Mrs. Henry Mustin, and such ranking officers of the marine corps as Maj. Gen. Charles McCawley, Maj. Gen. Charles Lauchheimer, Brig. Gen. Long, and Major David Porter, accompanied by handsome Mrs. Porter. For the rest, the "dancing diplomats"—Captain Shagge, of the British embassy, the Duke di Sangro, of the Italian embassy, and Mr. Constantinidi, of the Greek legation, to cite a few of the interesting men in town and a whole list of handsome young marine officers for cavaliers. Everybody had a good time, for Mrs. Barnett is a perfect hostess and takes any amount of trouble for the entertainment of her guests. Her daughters, Lelia Gordon, the debutante, and Anne Gordon, her young sister, have inherited a great deal of their mother, beauty and some of her wit, and also her charming, gracious manners.

Two Charming Debutantes Introduced to Society.

Two other debutantes, Eleanor Johnston and Nannie Hamilton, were introduced during last week, which was ushered in by Lelia Gordons coming out party, came to a fitting climax with the charity ball last night, and was marked by several pleasant tea parties and numerous dinners, some in honor of the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, and others given by or for members of the diplomatic corps.

One very pretty dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa for their daughters, Amy and Alice Requa, and their guests, Louise Griswold, of Evanston—she's quite a beauty—and Elita Adams, of San Francisco. The dinner was a lovely affair, and the men were mostly California friends of the Requa girls, who drifted here when the world moved to Washington. After dinner the young people went to the Club de Vingt to dance.

100 Young People Attend Miss Johnston's Coming Out.

Eleanor Johnston had her formal coming out at a tea on Monday afternoon and next evening her mother

gave a dance for her, to which about 100 young people were asked. Miss Johnston is having a glorious time this winter, both because she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Marlon Johnston, and they know everybody worth knowing in Washington, and because she is her own sweet, winsome self. Nannie Hamilton was introduced at a tea-dance at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hamilton, in New Hampshire avenue.

Miss Hamilton is a niece of Miss Mary Merrick, that fine and saintly woman who, although she has lain flat on her back for over thirty years, organized the Christ Child Society and has for years been the head of this organization, which has done a wonderful work among the poor children of Washington. There's nothing honorary about Miss Merrick's position, for it is her brain which maps out the society's program each year, the activities of every branch come under her personal supervision, and with her own hands she makes many of the little garments, the dainty layettes, which help many a poor mother to solve the problem of how another little stranger is to be fed and clothed.

Brides Share Honors With Debutantes.

A little group of interesting brides shared the center of the stage with the buds last week. Although Mrs. James H. Watmough, widow of Paymaster General Watmough, U. S. N., and Col. William Lewis Pitcher, U. S. A., retired, were married in Richmond on December 28, the news, which caused a little flutter of pleased excitement in Washington, only reached town last week. Colonel Pitcher and his bride, who was formerly Miss Anna Bowie Harris, have known each other for years. Indeed the Pitchers and her parents, Dr. and Mrs. James Charles Morris Bainbridge Harris, were neighbors on Mt. Pleasant when that now populous part of town was considered country.

The Colonel still owns the house in Wyoming avenue, which was built by his family many years ago, and it is now occupied by his brother, Col. "Jack" Pitcher, and his family. And although the Harris house has long since been sold, the new Mrs. Pitcher has had an apartment for over a year. The lovely charming residence, 1870 Wyoming avenue, which is now lot to Mrs. Price Collier. For the present Colonel and Mrs. Pitcher are at home at 2400 Sixteenth, where she has an apartment for over a year. The Colonel has a charming bungalow on a corner of his brother's estate at Edgewater, near Annapolis, where he and Mrs. Pitcher expect to go for the summer. It was after the death of General Watmough

two years or more ago that Mrs. Watmough and Colonel Pitcher renewed an old friendship which rapidly ripened into something stronger.

Miss Perkins Weds. Irishman Nobleman.

The marriage of Olive Elizabeth Perkins, daughter of Mrs. Edward Ellsworth Perkins, and the Marchese Stefano Antonio d'Amico, lieutenant in the Italian aviation mission in Washington, took place yesterday. It was a quiet wedding, as Lieutenant d'Amico is under orders, and, besides, the Perkins are only temporarily residents of Washington. They are New Yorkers who have lived abroad and only returned to this country when the war made living in Europe very uncomfortable. Lieutenant d'Amico is one of the brilliant and agreeable young missionaries who have given us a new idea of the Italians, and he has made many friends since coming to Washington.

Another interesting wedding, the marriage of Ida Hill Bowie, daughter of Mrs. Ira M. Bowie, and John J. McMahon, is still in the offing and will take place on Thursday, January 23. Miss Bowie being in mourning for her brother, who died a few months ago, the wedding will be very simple. It will take place at the home of the bride in Willard street. She is a member of the Bowie family which has played such an important role in the history of Maryland and given at least two governors to the State, and is allied with many of the fine old colonial families of Maryland. Mr. McMahon is a grandson of the late Major Edward McMahon, who was quartermaster general in the Confederate army, and whose first cousin was Marshal McMahon, Duke of Magenta and President of France.

Washington Feels the Loss of Theodore Roosevelt.

The entire country was shocked and saddened by the death of Col. Theodore Roosevelt. And nowhere is his loss felt more deeply than in Washington, which knew him intimately when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and again during the years he was in the White House and which loved his personality whatever it might think of his politics. He will go down to history as perhaps the most picturesque figure of his age; his memory will be green in the hearts of those—and they were legion—who loved him and believed in him; and his epitaph might well read, "He was a man."

Influenza, which made such inroads into the diplomatic corps a few weeks ago, has again taken tragic toll. Count Francesco Miniscalchi Erizzo, charge

d'affaires of the embassy of Italy in the absence of Count di Celleri, and acting high commissioner, died on Tuesday from pneumonia, following influenza; and a few days later the Grim Reaper claimed Major Ernesto Tabio, military attaché of the Cuban legation. His is the second death in the legation by influenza, the secretary, Dr. Joquin R. Torralbas, having died of the malady during the first epidemic.

There is something peculiarly pathetic about dying in a strange land far from home, and the diplomatic corps has been so shockingly stricken. Poor little Mrs. Eoo, wife of the Chinese minister, the minister of Haiti, Dr. Torralbas, the military attaché of the Japanese embassy, Colonel Tanikawa, young Captain Mackintosh, of the British embassy, who was married to a daughter of the governor general of Canada, Major Lyell, also of the British embassy staff, have all gone west, victims of influenza, also—but why go on with the dismal tale?

Charity Balls Become More Popular in Capital.

In war time, for propriety's sake, most of the evening parties, no matter how large or how general the dancing, masqueraded as "small dances" or "receptions." A ball, actually heralded as a "ball," had to be for charity. Now, of course, the ban on entertaining simply for the pleasure of entertaining has been lifted, but the

popularity of the charity ball continues unabated.

No wonder, considering the variety of entertainment which is to be offered in the next few weeks under the general heading of "charity balls" and the number of peculiarly deserving philanthropies which are thus presenting their plea for support. It wasn't so very long ago that there were but two charity balls a season on Washington's calendar, the "Southern Relief," whose name explains its purpose, and "the Charity Ball" for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. Now, during the winter months, it's a poor week that doesn't boast at least one smart dance for some philanthropic purpose, and sometimes two or

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Coats formerly sold at \$75 to \$125, now . . . \$59.50, \$69.50, \$79.50

Suits formerly sold at \$35 to \$57.50, now . . . \$25, \$29.50, \$35
Suits formerly sold at \$59.50 to \$95, now . . . \$39.50, \$49.50, \$59.50

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